

The History of

Princ. Come hither, Francis.

Francis. My Lord,

Prince. How long hast thou to serue, Francis?

Francis. Forsooth fve yeeres, and as much as to

Poynes. Francis.

Francis. Anon, anon, sir.

Prince. Fve yeeres: *berley* a long lease for the chinking of pewter: But Francis, darest thou bee so valiant, as to play the coward with thy indenture, and shew it a faire paire of heeles, and runne from it?

Francis. O Lord sir, Ile be sworne vpon all the Bookes in England, I could find in my heart.

Poynes. Francis.

Francis. Anon sir.

Prince. How old art thou, Francis?

Francis. Let mee see, about Michaelmas next I shall bee,

Poynes. Francis.

Francis. Anon sir, pray you stay a little, my Lord.

Prince. Nay, but harke you Francis, for the Sugar thou gauest me, 'twas but a pennyworth, wast not?

Francis. O Lord, I would it had beene two.

Prince. I will giue thee for it a thousand pound, aske mee when thou wilt, and thou shalt haue it.

Poynes. Francis.

Francis. Anon, anon.

Prince. Anon Francis? No Francis, but to morrow Francis or Francis, on Thursday: or indeed Francis, when thou wilt. But Francis:

Francis. My Lord.

Prince. Wilt thou rob this Leatherne Jerkin, Christall button, Not-pated, Agat ring, puke stocking, Caddice gart, Smooth tongue, Spanish pouch?

Francis. O Lord sir, who do you meane?

Prince. Why then your Browne bastard is your onely drinke: for looke you Francis, your White canuasse doublet will sulley. In *Barbary* sir, it cannot come to so much.

Francis. What sir;

Poynes. Francis.

Prince. Away you rogue, dost thou not heare them call?

*Here they both call him, the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to goe.*

Enter Vintner.

Vint.

Henry the Fourth.

Vint. What, standst thou still, and hearest such a calling? looke to the Ghefts within. My Lord, old sir *John* with halfe a dozen more, are at the dore, shall I let them in?

Prin. Let them alone a while, and then open the dore: Poynes.

Poynes. A non, anon sir.

Enter Poynes.

Prin. Sirra, *Falstaffe* and the rest of the Thecues, are at the doore, shall wee bee merry?

Poin. As merry as Crickets, my Lad: but harke yee, what cunning match haue you made with this iest of the Drawer? come, what's the issue?

Prin. I am now of all humors, that haue shewed themselves humors, since the old daies of good man *Adam*, to the pupill age of this present Twelve a clocke at midnight. What's a clocke, Francis?

Francis. Anon, anon sir.

Prince. That euer this fellow should haue fewer words then a Parrat, and yet the son of a Woman. His industry is vp staires and downe staires, his eloquence the parcell of a reckoning. I am not yet of *Perceys* miude, the *Hotspur* of the North, he that kills me some 6 or 7. dozen of *Scots* at a breakfast, washes his hands, and sayes to his wife, Fie vpon this quiet life, I want work, O my sweet *Harry* sayes shee! how many halt thou kild to day? Giue my Roan horse a drench (sayes he) and answers, some fourteene, an hour after: a trifle, a trifle. I prethee call in *Falstaffe*, ile play *Percy*, and that damn'd *Browne* shall play *Dame Mortimer* his wife. *Rio*, saies the drunkard: call in ribs, call in Tallow.

Enter Falstaffe.

Poynes. Welcome *Lacke*, where hast thou been?

Fals. A plague of all cowards I say, and a vengeance too, mary and Amen: giue me a cup of sacke, Boy. E're I leade this life long, ile sow netherstocks, and mend them and foot them too. A plague of all cowards; Giue me a cup of sacke, rogue, is there no vertue extant?

Prince. Didst thou neuer see *Titan* kisse a dish of butter, piti- full hearted *Titan*, that melted at the sweet tale of the Sun? if thou didst, then behold that compound.

D 3

Fals.